Select Miscellany.

Wearing Aurora's robe, night after night, Some radiant spirit rules the western sky, Drowning the sun-tints with such rich supply

Of colors weaved of unremembered light, That it would seem the Master-painter's might Had wrought anew his palette there on high, To tell the tired world rainbows shall not die. Which first his pledge of promise did indite,

Forged newly like a steel-blue cimeter, The crescent moon shines keener than of old, And, as the drawn sword of one armed for war, Marshals those bosts of crimson, green, and gold, Till underneath the quiet evening star

The great review pales out into the cold. -Herman Merrivale.

The Homesick Wife. It would be hard to tell why Cora Bla-ney married Henry Marshall. The only reason seemed to be because he asked her. Of course she could not be an old maidthat would be too dreadful-and when he had been kind enough to make the offer, could she be so ungracious as to say no? Certainly not. She was twenty-three years old when she first made his acquaintance, and although a pretty and accomplished girl, he was her first lover, and when he made his kindly proposition she said yes as instinctively as if he had offered her an as instinctively as if he had offered her an oyster patty or strawberry cream. Her girlhood had been a very happy one, for she had never been slighted or neglected, even if she were not a belie and beauty. She always had plenty of partners to dance with, and not being of a jealous disposition, it did not make her hopelessis miserable to see other girls more follows. ly miserable to see other girls more fol lowed and admired than she was. Then her home was an unusually pleasant one. Good tempers (so rare and so delightful) prevailed in the family, and the dreadful bickerings that so soon destroy the peace and affections of all concerned, were seldom heard. Cora was the only girl, and her brothers worshiped her, gratifying, if possible, her every wish. Her parents were sensible and judicious. Although they supposed, of course, that she would marry some time, they were in no hurry for such a consummation, and were quite satisfied to see her, at twenty-three, a still ungathered flower. And when she told her mother, in such a calm, unimpassioned way, that she was engaged, Mrs. Blaney hardly knew whether to laugh or

feared that her daughter's heart was hardly interested in the matter at all. "Are you sure that you love Henry?" she asked the placid-looking girl.

"Of course, mamma, I think he is very nice, and then he loves me so

"Do you care more for him than for

Yes, indeed. I never thought of marrying any other man. I never had a chance, you know."

"But do you love him better than any-one else in the world?"

"Better than you, mamma?" "Yes, my dear."

"Of course not. I never shall love anyone as well as I love you and papa and the three boys."

"Then, Cora, you do not really care for Henry, and it is not right for you to

"But he is satisfied. He says that he knows he can make me as fond of him as he is of me, and he likes me better because I never had any other man making love to me. He says he never could for a girl who had been engaged three

or four times."
"I am afraid, dear, that both you and he will find that you have made a great

"You do not want me to be an old maid, mamma ?"

"If I consulted my own and your father's wishes I should say yes, because we would prefer to keep you with us; but we are not selfish enough for that. We know that you will be happier as a married woman, that is, if you love your husband "Don't you like Henry?"

"Very much; I do not know of a man more likely to make a kind, devoted hus-band. All that surprises me is that you do not care more for him."

"But I do like him very much."

And that was all the satisfaction that Mrs. Blaney could get. But Cora was quite determined to marry Henry, and he was just as determined not to give her up. She had taken his fancy completely. In-deed he was desperately in love with her, hoping and believing that she, in time, would care quite as much for him. So at the end of a few months they were mar-ried. They started on the usual wedding trip, which they both enjoyed exceedingly, and after their return they took a pretty, tasteful house, and commenced housekeeping in a very pleasant, cosy way. But, alas! it was three hundred miles away from the home of her girlhood, her parents, and her brothers; and poor Cora, who had only a vague sense of gratitude and a calm liking as regarded her husband, to weigh against her passionate love for her family, found herself feeling strangely lonely and dissatisfied a great deal of the time. Her husband was kindness itself; he anticipated her every wish; he brought her home lovely bouquets and delicious candies, but, alss! flowers and candies will not satisfy a hungry heart. He stayed with her every evening, when he did not take her to some social gathering or place of amusement, and was always bright and cheerful and entertaining. He devoted himself to her unceasingly, and wholly indescribable was his dismay when, at the end of one month, she asked permission to go home and stay a week.
"Why, Cora!" he exclaimed, looking

grieved and hurt, " is it possible that you are tired of me already?"

"Oh, I shall die!" she moaned pitifully,

"if I do not see mamma. I never was away from her so long before in all my

"But you are married now, dear," he said, kindly and tenderly, " and it is very different."

"Being married does not make me think the less of her. You did not sup-pose that I should forget my dear, kind parents, did you ?"

"Of course not. You were very frank with me. I never can accuse you of try-ing to deceive me. But I did hope that before this you would have learned to love However, go home and make your visit; but will you be satisfied to stay only a week?"

"Oh, yes, Harry. I am so much obliged," and she gave him a kiss which brought a sad smile to his face as he thought that it was only her delight at leaving him that had caused the little demonstration of affection. But she went home and remained a week, returning with such a bright and happy countenance that her husband, in spite of his jealous pangs, could not help but feel glad that he had let her go. And she seemed quite satisfied for a few weeks, and then he saw the same listless, dissatisfied expression upon her face as before.

"Cora," he asked, one day, " wouldn't you like to have some of your girl friends

come and visit you ?" "No. I do not care about it," she replied. "Is there no one you would like to have visit you ?" "Only mamma."

"Hang mamma!" he felt inclined to say; but repressing so very injudicious an exclamation, he asked, pleasantly, "Why doesn't she come, then?" "Because Aunt Lucy is there and she

cannot leave her.' "Cannot one of your brothers come for

day or two ?"

"Charley is coming next week, but he can only stay one night."

And after his visit she did look brighter for a few days, but that was all, and her husband discovered that when alone crying was her frequent occupation. It was very discouraging, but he was determined to have patience, consequently he pro-posed himself that she should again go home. Her face was radiant in a moment. "Do you really mean it, Harry?" she asked, timidly, as if afraid to believe in

anything so perfectly delightful.
"Of course I mean it, Cora. I see that you want to go, and although it is very hard for me to part with you, still I do not mean to be selfish if I can help it."

"You are just as good as you can be,' she said, and she went home again. Mrs. Blaney gave her daughter an affectionate welcome, but she shook her head

very gravely as she said : This will never do, Cora. You know that I am only too glad to see you, but your place now is with your husband."

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "I am so lonesome, it seems as if I should die." What did you marry for, then ?"

"I never should have married if I had supposed that it would be so awfully, fearfully stupid."

"Cora, this is very sad. You do not love your husband, that is evident."

"But I do like him, mamma; I like him very much indeed, and I know he is good and kind. Of course I am not sen-timental and romantic, like some of the women in novels. I don't think that I would be anxious to die for him, although perhaps he would do as much for me. But you certainly cannot blame me for loving

you and papa the most."

Her mother said no more, and when
Cora went home she again looked cheerful
and happy. But in a few weeks she Cora's coolness amused and yet troubled her, for she dreaded the thought drooped as before, and then Harry went of surrendering her to a stranger, and she to see a married cousin, a bright, sensible woman, from whom he hoped to receive good advice. She did not say "I pity you," when she heard his story, although

you," when she she thought it. "Harry," she exclaimed, "You must do something to rouse her—to wake her up. Excite her jealousy in some way." "I am afraid she does not care enough

for me to be jealous.' "It is not always the loving one that is most susceptible in that respect." "Belle, I cannot make my wife un-

"Of course not, you would rather suffer yourself. You are too good to her, Harry, and she has had so little grief or trouble that she does not appreciate your kindness, and takes it as matter of course. Now you cannot reason with such a woman; you must try a little innocent stratagem. Let her imagine that you are growing indifferent, and she will come to er senses before you can realize it. I know my sex better than you do, and we are not all angels, although it certainly is your duty to think so."

Harry did not believe in stratagem (or trickery, as he termed it), but he was a good deal influenced by his cousin's words. He stayed to dinner, and re-mained some time with her afterwards, agreeable. When he went home Cora it." aggrieved expression upon her face.

"I waited dinner a long time for you, Henry," she said. "Did you?" he replied. "I am very But he did not tell her where he had been, and she watched him with a somewhat puzzled look afterwards. The next morning he said, "Cora, I shall have to go to New York for several days, and

you had better make your mother a visit during that time."

Now Cora would have enjoyed a visit to New York very much, and she said, "Why cannot I go with you, Henry?"

"It is very kind of you, my darling," he answered, "but of course I know very well that you would much rather be with your mother than with me, so we will settle it in that way."

She looked surprised, but said nothing more to dissuade him. Therefore he went to New York, and she to her early nome. But for some reason or other she did not seem to enjoy herself quite as well as before, a vague feeling of dissatis-faction, for which she could not account, preventing any genuine pleasure. And certainly the first brief note which she received from her husband was not calcuated to relieve her uneasiness. It informed her that he was at home enjoying the society of two lively young cousins, consequently she need not feel at all un-easy about him, but could stay with her mother as long as she chose to do so. She did look a good deal disturbed, however, and the permission to remain with her mother seemed by no means satisfactory. Mrs. Blaney suspected the truth, and was at first inclined to be a little indignant that any one should dare to trifle with the feelings of her darling child; but when she went to her husband for consolation she did not receive any.

"I love my child as well as any man can," he said, "but my sympathies in this instance are wholly and entirely with Henry. I have seen a good many cases of this kind. Girls should not marry if they cannot be weaned from their mothers. Cora is too old to be such a baby. She was determined to be married, and now she wants all the privileges of a young, unfettered girl."

"But, Arthur, do you suppose that her husband has really ceased to care for

"I do not think so at all, but he is probably tired of all this nonsense, and, as he finds that kindness has no effect, he means to try something else. He is a good young man, with plenty of common sense, and it will all come out right. If he were a sentimental idiot, Cora would never care for him in the world. Just let

things take their course." So the lady smoothed her ruffled plumes and took her husband's advice; but she watched Cora with anxious eyes.
The latter looked grave and thoughtful,
particularly when the second letter came.
Then, indeed, she could no longer repress

her anxiety.
"Mamma," she exclaimed, "what can it mean? Do you suppose that Henry is tired of me?"

" No, I do not, my dear; but you must remember that you have tried his patience severely. Men do not like to have their wives running home to see their mothers so often, and it is not right at all."

The beginning home a sever we all shows in the severely. The beginning home to see their mothers we don't know just what good there is in this shoe business, after all.

"But his cousins! He seems very fond of them. "My child, I think that you had better

go home."
"Perhaps he does not want to see me.
I should hate to intrude." "Intrude in your husband's house

"Will you go with me, mamma?"
"I think it would be ill-advised. Of course Henry does not feel very pleasantly towards me, for he must think that I have influenced you in all this. He is a good, kind man, but he is only human after all. You had better go home alone, and by and by I will make you a visit. But remember, Cora, that you are his wife, and that it is your duty to make his home cheerful and happy. You can do it if you

Cora did as her mother advised, and when she reached her home she was quite surprised to find no one there but the

"The young ladies left two days be-fore," the latter said, "and very nice ladies they were."

When Henry came home it was his turn to be surprised; but he could not conceal his delight at having his young wife with him again.

"Why did you not write for me to come?" she asked, in a half-aggrieved "I did not know that you were alone." "Cora," he replied, "I wanted you to come of your own accord, and it makes

me very happy to see you here again."

But as soon as he had finished his din-

ner he put on his overcoat preparatory to

"Why, Harry!" she exclaimed, in utter amszement, "are you going to leave me?"
"Do you want me to stay at home, Cora?" he asked, with a pleased and happy look. She suddenly burst into tears, and seating himself beside her, he draw her head upon his shoulder scothing. drew her head upon his shoulder, soothing

her tenderly. "Do you really want me to stay with you, my darling?"

"Indeed I do," she sobbed, "and I will never leave you any more. I wasn't half as happy at home—"

But have her unexpected confession was

But here her unexpected confession was checked by the happy kisses that he show-ered upon her lips. And then he had his own confession to make, which she received very indulgently, for jealousy was not at all natural to her, and the reconciliation was a very perfect one. Cora did not grow listless and indifferent after this, but when her mother came to visit her she found, instead of the homesick wife, a very happy and contented one.—Miss C. H. Thayer, in The Christian at Work.

Mrs. Stowe's Check.

Mr. John P. Jewett of New York, the original publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in a recent interview with a correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, was asked:

"How did you come to be publisher of

"Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

"I suspect," he repled, "it was principally because I was a rabid anti-slavery man, although the fact that I had previously been publisher of a book by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher may have had something to do with it. After a careful examination, I concluded that the story would not only repay the cost of publi-cation in book form, but would yield some profit. Possibly I was helped to that conclusion by my firm conviction that the volume would prove a strong anti-slavery document. At all events, I expressed a willingness to publish it, and the next thing was to arrange the terms. Professor Stowe was in fa-vor of selling the manuscript for a sum down. 'I tell wife,' said he to me, 'that if she can get a good black dress or \$50 in

"Do you believe that you could have bought the story for \$50 ?" "I believe that I could have bought it

for \$25. " So large were the orders for the book that, from the day I first began to print it, eight presses never stopped, day or night, save Sundays, for six months, and even then there were complaints that the volumes did not appear fast enough. In a little while I was able to inform Professor and Mrs. Stowe that their percentage already amounted to \$10,000, and although my contract with them required me to give a note only, I would pay them that sum in cash." "How did they receive your informs tion ?"

"They seemed a little dazed by the news. The sum was so vastly beyond anything they expected or had heretofore possessed, that it appeared to them like a great fortune. When they called at my office I handed Professor Stowe my check for \$10,000 payable to his order. Neither the professor nor Mrs. Stowe had ever before received a check they told me and fore received a check, they told me, and they did not know what to do with it or how to get the money it represented. I explained to the professor that he must endorse the check and present it for payment. I advised him to deposit the

money in the same bank. We went thither together. I introduced him to the president, and the professor opened an account. After instrusting him how to keep his check-book and so on, and cautioning him and his wife never to go about with more than \$5 in their pockets, I bade them good-day, and they went their way rejoicing. When I gave them a second check for \$10,000 I found they needed no further instructions."

"How many copies of 'Uncle Tom' did you publish?"

"More than 320,000 sets of two volumes each were published in the first year. After that the demand fell off."

Carlisle Presented a Gavel.

The Kentucky women sent Speaker Carlisle a gavel in the shape of a George Washington hatchet resting on the mossy stump of a tree, one side of which is composed of flowers and the other of handpainted satin. On the white satin appear these words:

May eye be keen as blade of hatchet, When worthy members rise to catch it, And rulings true as steel to match it, All lawful business to dispatch it.

On the left of the inscription is the trump of fame blowing out gavels, and beneath it, on the left, a little nude George Washington, hatchet in hand, cutting down a cherry-tree; on his right, are a larger hatchet and a felled tree. In the upper left-hand corner appear against a sky background the dome of the capitol, with a waning moon in the west and a rising sun in the east. On a white satin ribbon is this inscription: "G. W. to the speaker XLVIII. Congress, greeting." The card of the donors bears this couplet:

For noise use hammer end as gavel, And blade when knots you can't unravel.

THE Japanese never wear shoes in the

Cemperance.

The Spiritual Effects of Drunkenness.

An editorial in the December Century An editorial in the December Century says: "This loss of self-respect, the lowering of ambition, and the fading out of hope are signs of the progress of this disease in the character. It is a mournful spectacle—that of the brave, ingenuous, high-spirited man sinking steadily down into the degradation of the second s dation of inebriety; but how many such spectacles are visible all over the land! And it is not in the character of those alone who are notorious drunkards that such tendencies appear. They are often distinctly seen in the lives of men who are never drank. Sir Henry Thompson's testimony is emphatic to the effect that 'the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication, injures the body and diminishes the mental power.' If, as ne testifies, a large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies of the body are due to the use of fermented liquors, taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate,' then it is certain that such use of them must result also in serious injuries to the mental and moral nature. Who does not know reputable gentlemen, physicians, artists, clergymen even, who were never drunk in their lives, and never will be, but who reveal in conversation and in conduct certain melancholy effects of the drinking habit? The brain is so often inflamed with alcohol that its functions are imperfectly performed; and there is a perceptible loss of mental power and of moral tone. The drinker is not conscious of this loss; but those who know him best are painfully aware that his perceptions are less keen, his judgments less sound, his temper less serene, his spiritual vision less clear, because he tarries every day a little too long at the wine. Even those who refuse to entertain ascetic theories respecting these beverages may be able to see that there are uses of them that stop short of drunkenness, and that are still extremely hurtful to the mind, and the heart as well as the body. That conventional idea of moderation, to which Sir Henry Thompson refers, is quite elastic; the term is stretched to cover habits that are steadily despoiling the life of its rarest fruits. The drinking habit is often defended by reputable gentlemen to whom the very thought of a debauch would be shocking, but to whom, if it were only lawful, in the tender and just a collection of friendship and solicitude of friendship, such words as these might be spoken: 'It is true that you are not drunkards, and may never be; but if you could know, what is too evident to those who love you best, how your character is slowly losing the firmness of its texture and the fineness of its outline; how your art deteriorates in the delicacy of its touch; how the atmosphere of your life seems to grow murky and the sky lowers gloomily above you—you would not think your daily indulgence harmless in its measure. It is in just such lives as yours that drink exhibits some of its most mournful tragedies."

Sobriety in Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican bears a testimony which we are glad to quote as to the personal habits of our public men. The open indulgence in drink by representatives of the states and the personal public personal forms. the states and the people, exhibitions of outright drunkenness in the capitol, in past years, has been a cause of widespread shame and sorrow. We are happy to be informed that a better sentiment has made itself felt in the hall of con gress: "There has been a very great and very noticeable change here within a few years in the use of alcoholic liquors. A striking illustration of it was to be noticed during the canvass for the speakership. Not a single glass of liquor was set out by any of the candidates. I did not see a single member of congress under the influence of liquor during that canvass, nor have I since. The van keepers and the hotel proprietors say that the decrease in bar-tippling is so great as seriously to cur-tail receipts. The three leading candi-dates for speaker used to use stimulants, sometimes to excess. Two of them are now total abstainers, and have been for some years, while the third only uses wine in a moderate quantity at his dinner. I can count a dozen senators who used to tipple who have not drunk a drop in two years, and there is not a senator, with perhaps an exception or two, who is not prudent and most temperate in the use of liquor. Nearly all of them do not touch anything except a light wine at dinner. It is so in the house. It is so with most of the public men. There has grown up a sentiment that a man is a fool who uses liquor immoderately, and that he is better off without any of it. Three years ago I saw one of the most brilliant members of the senate staggering drunk in front of Willard's hotel. The other day I saw that he left his champagne untouched at a din-ner. Said he: 'I haven't touched alcohol ner. Said he: 'I haven't touched alcohol
in any form for three years. I woke up
one morning realizing that pretty much
all the temperance lecturers have said
was true, and I simply said to myself that
I have had enough. And I have. I have
never seen the time from that day to this that I have not felt a repugnance for liqnor.' Garland, the learned lawyer from Arkansas, is a teetotaler. Said he: 'I was passing by the cemetery near my home one day, and I saw the graves of a dozen brilliant men who began life with me, every one of them hastened to his end by whiskey. I made up my mind that I had drunk my share, and stopped. In the social entertainments here, less and less wine is used, and the number of guests who refuse it is constantly increas-ing."

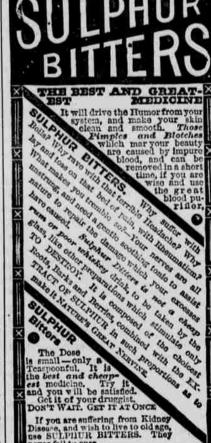
Prohibition in Georgia.

Piecemeal prohibition has made astonishing progress in Georgia, especially dur-ing the last few months. There have been a multitude of laws made on the subject, some forbidding the sale of liquor in a county or smaller section outright, and others leaving the matter to a popular vote, or to the discretion of certain officers, and last winter there was enacted a general local option measure. A cantion shows that under this legislation there has been an endless variety of method in putting the doctrine into practice, that some entire counties have had prohibition for seven or eight years, and enforce it well, while others are just be-ginning; that in some rum is sold only in one or two militia districts, while in others the case is reversed; that in some ers the case is reversed; that in some places a license system is made to effect prohibition, in some liquor is sold only by the quart at a few places, that some are "half-and-half," and so on; but the summing up is, that of the one hundred and thirty-seven counties in the state ninety one are under temperance control, and in the country is being agitated while nine the question is being agitated, while twenty-five are controlled by the rum party and twelve are not reported. Total

prohibition in one shape or another is reported in fifty-five and partial in thirty-six counties. These figures go to show the presence of prohibition majorities in nearly two-thirds of the state, and it nearly two-thirds of the state, and it should be added that the reports gener ally indicate excellent results from the new rule; better order, greater prosperity and, in some cases, increasing value of real estate. The reports are very likely prejudiced in some cases, but are yet

hardly to be altogether disregarded. Mew Advertisements.

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Use the Magneton Appliance Co.'s

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They are priceless to Ladies, Gentlemen and Chil-deen with Weak Lungs; no case of Pagumonia on CROUP is ever known where these garments are word. They also prevent and cure HEART DIFFICULTIES, COLDS. RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, THROAT TROUBLES, DIPR THERIA, CATARRH, AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES. WILL

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CATARDIII It is needless to describe the symptoms of CATARDIII this manascons disease that is sapping the life and strength of only too many of the fairest and best of both sexes. Labor, study and research in America, Europe and Eastern iands, have resulted in the Magnetic Lung Protector, affording cure for Catarth, a remedy which contains No Daugeine of the System, and with the continuous stream of Magnetism, permeating through the afflicted organs, KUST RESTOR THEM TO A BEALTHY ACTION. WE PLACE OFF PRICES for this Appliance at least than One-twentieth of the price asked by others for remedies upon which you take all the chances, and WE REPSCIALUT INVIES the patronage of the MAST PERSONS who have tried deutoing Their stomachs without

HOW TO OBTAIN This Appliance. Go to your drug-not got them, write to the proprietors, enclosing the price, in letter at our risk, and they will be sent to you at once by mail, post-paid. Send stamp for the "New Departure in Medical Treatment WITHOUT MEDICINE," with thousands of testimonials. THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO., 218 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Note.—Send one dollar in postage stamps or currency (in letter at our risk) with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magnetic Insoles, and he convinced of the power residing in our Magnetic Appliances. Post-tively no cold feet where they are worn, or money re-funded.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., February 1, 1880. Gentlemen-I suffered with attacks of sick headache." Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the nest terrible and excrutiating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as then a child, " And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious "Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians-"Incurable!" Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons" In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters, And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost -Mrs. E. D. Slack. Do miracles!"

lino.

The Nantasket Roller Skate Supersedes all 2,500 IN USE AT

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Nantasket Roller Skate Co., 25 Middle Street,

LOWELL, MASS. BOX 78. \$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly

Mew Advertisements.

NEW YORK, 1884.

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But THE SUN is written for the inbabitants of the

But the SCN is written for the inabitants of the earth; this same strip of intelligence would girdle the globe twenty-seven or twenty-eight times. If every buyer of a copy of THE SCN during the pas-year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another bour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thous years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE NEW is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the trath without fear of consequences which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest gov-ernment, and which therefore believes that the republi-can party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUS, you like it already, and you

will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its his-tory. If you do not yet know The Sun, it is high time to

Terms to Mail Subscribers

DAILY-50 cents a month, \$6 a year; with Sunday edition; \$7. SUNDAY-Eight paces. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of excep-tional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. SI a year.

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WEENLY—\$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter
of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of
mequalised value, special market reports, and literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence make THE
WEERLY SUR the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with \$10, an extra copy free.

Waterbury Marble

Granite Works.

Having purchased the stock in trade of O. H. Foster we are now prepared to receive orders for

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THE LOWEST PRICES

Posts, and all kinds of Cemetery Work in either Granite or Marble, which we will furnish at

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This is Worthy of Your Notice. The Cooley Manufacturing Co.,

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